When George Had But Little To Say

A young man took his best girl to church, and, when the time for "collection" came round, rather ostentatiously displayed a five-dollar gold piece. Presuming upon the engagement to marry that had been made by her, the young lady placed a restraining hand upon the arm of her fiance. "Why, don't be so extravagant, George," she exclaimed.

"Oh, that's nothing," he replied, "I always give $5 when I go to a strange church."

Just then the deacon came with the plate, and George dropped a coin. Everything seemed favorable, and the young man beamed with a sense of generosity. Then the minister made the announcements for the week, and concluded with the wholly unexpected announcement of the day's collection.

"The collection today," said he, "was $3.75."

George hadn't much to say all the way to his fiancee's home.

Had Better Luck Than He Had Brains

Ex-Gov. Upham of Wisconsin tells a good story on himself.

"I was once interested in two lumber deals," he said. "I had offered a valuable piece of property at $60,000 and at the same time I was trying to buy a tract of pine trees. While the deals were pending I ran across a gypsy fortune teller in the woods and I asked her to tell my fortune.

"You will be very lucky in your deals," she said.

"'That's good,' I remarked.

"'Yes,' continued the fortune teller, 'your luck will beat your brains.'

Gov. Upham says that the woman spoke the truth. A few days later the syndicate which held the option of $60,000 upon the property he had offered at that price decided not to accept it, and it was not long before he was able to sell the land for almost double the amount.

Got Wealth and Power In South Africa

STORY OF SONNENBERG.

By the death of Cecil Rhodes is recalled the story of another South African career contemporaneous with his own and in many ways equally remarkable. The marvellous rise to wealth and power of Charles Sonnenberg, of the United States and South Africa, is unfamiliar to the general public.

The story is told upon the distinguished authority of General Daniel E. Sickles. It is the story of a poor German immigrant boy who landed penniless in New York, served in the Civil War under General Sickles' command and later, drifting to South Africa, began an interesting career. Today he is a member of Parliament, a multi-millionaire, the owner of an estate of one million acres and a prominent figure in South African affairs.

Told by General Sickles.

My friend Charles Sonnenberg has had a career, to my mind, much stranger than most fiction. He was one of my "boys" and served with honor under my command. I never knew him until he presented himself to me, here in New York, some three years ago. He accosted me with a military salute and, with the license of an old comrade, asked my assistance in finding an old friend. It appears a soldier had once befriended him and Sonnenberg had come all the way from South Africa bent, at whatever cost, on finding and sharing his wealth with his old comrade in arms.

"Charley" Sonnenberg came originally to America with a dollar. After varied experiences, he went to South Africa and returned a member of Parliament, a contemporary of Cecil Rhodes, several times a millionaire and still comparatively a young man.

To appreciate the dramatic interest of this man's career one must know it from the beginning. Sonnenburg landed in New York without knowing a word of English and with about a dollar in German money. He was just sixteen years old. Like many thousands of others, he stepped out of old Castle Garden without a friend in the New World and started to walk up Broadway.

There was the old disappointment. There was no gold or silver in the street to pick up, as he had been led to suppose. Feeling very much discouraged, even desperate, he walked on and by some odd chance turned down Barclay street. At the first corner he saw a grocery store, with a German name above the door. It was the first familiar object he had seen, and he went in.

In Modest "Lumber" Business.

The storekeeper answered his German questions, greatly to his comfort. He asked for work.

"Very well," said the storekeeper; "I'll start you in the lumber business."

"But what do I know about lumber?" asked Sonnenberg.

The storekeeper produced some boxes of matches, taught Sonnenberg to say "Matches, one cent a box," in English—his entire vocabulary—and started him out on the street with the caution not to go further than the corner of Broadway, or he might get lost. Well, he sold the matches, walking all afternoon about St. Paul's Church, and returned with the proceeds. He had earned his supper and a night's lodging. A few days later he secured permanent employment.

Three years later, at the beginning of the Civil War, Sonnenberg found himself in California with congenial employment and a bank account. He forsook everything to join the army. There was no opportunity to enlist in California, so he came all the way to New York to enlist. He chanced to be in one of my regiments, then recruiting on Staten Island. He served some three years, I believe, when he was injured and carried from the front. Later he was honorably discharged, being deemed unfit for further service.

"America has been very kind to me," he has since told me, "and I considered it my duty to fight for her as long as I was able."

Took First Hoard Home.

He went to his old home in Germany and poured a thousand dollars in gold, all his savings, into his mother's lap. The old lady, he tells me, had never seen any such sum of money in all her life. So ended his first visit to America.

A little later he started out to seek his fortune in South Africa. He was, so to speak, a South African "Forty-niner." With his slender means he first started a small grocery store somewhere in the country. After some months of this he found that the Boers required too long credit—six months I think it was—and his capital was not sufficient. He went to Cape Town and consulted the wholesalers who supplied him with goods. Here a surprise awaited him. He was well known and trusted. A year's credit was offered to him if he desired it. He pushed his business on a larger basis.

About this time he was offered some diamond mines near his home which were supposed to be entirely worked out and almost worthless. He bought them finally for a mere song. I don't recall what the song was, but it was very trifling.

A few days later he was approached by no less a personage than Cecil Rhodes, who offered £10,000 for the mines, which had cost a few hundred. Now Sonnenberg knew little enough about diamonds, but he reasoned that if Rhodes thought the mines worth $50,000 they were worth at least that much to Sonnenberg. A little later Rhodes doubled his first offer. Sonnenberg still reasoned the same way and refused. Later the bid was raised to $200,000. In the end Sonnenberg sold out for $800,000, and was sagacious enough to take half of the sum in stock. Incidentally, the stock has since paid forty per cent a year.

Sonnenberg no longer kept a grocery store. He bought a number of diamond mines and at present owns one million acres of land in South Africa. And this estate is well stocked with cattle and ostriches.

Owns Mines and Ranches.

With his wealth have come several political honors. He is now a member of the Cape Parliament and is more or less prominent in the public life of his adopted country. But, though a subject of the King, he may be said to be a very loyal American. He would only marry an American woman and his marriage was considerably delayed on this account.

And now comes his remarkable loyalty to his old friends. As I said, he travelled all the way from South Africa to find his old comrade. When he asked me how to find him, I suggested the newspapers. He asked me how many newspapers there were in America—if there were a thousand. "Oh, yes," I said, "and many more."

"Well," said he, "I'll advertise in a thousand," and he did so.

And these advertisements continued for some days. I don't know what it cost him, but the figures must have been large.

Remarkable Gratitude.

Well, he located his man, away out West somewhere. It was not enough to write to him. He wanted to embrace him, he told me, and so started West. He found his old comrade, living comfortably, I believe. At least, he was far from want. But Sonnenberg was not content to leave him so. He settled enough money upon him, I believe, to make him comfortable for life and came back satisfied. The man had no claim upon him whatever, except that he had once befriended him when he, Sonnenberg, was friendless.

Sonnenberg came to bid me good-by and confided in me that he should like to see Washington and the representatives of the Government for which he had gallantly fought and bled. I gave him notes to President McKinley, to Vice President Hobart and Speaker Reed.

President McKinley received him cordially and talked to him of war times for several minutes. And the honor was fully appreciated. Then, as member of the South African Parliament, he was entitled to go upon the floor of Congress. Vice President Hobart invited him to sit beside him, as did Speaker Reed. I never met a man more enthusiastic, certainly never a British subject.

Military Decorations.

As he was about to leave, I suggested that he ought to carry back to Africa some military decorations. He was delighted with the suggestion, and had never known he was entitled to them. He actually delayed his return a week or so to get them. He secured three—that of the Grand Army of the Republic, that of his corps, and his regimental badge. He took them all to a jeweller and had them mounted most elaborately with diamonds. They would give him great standing in South Africa, he explained to me.

When he returned he sent me a rough diamond from one of his mines. The stone is as large as the end of one's finger. My home is also decorated with a beautiful pair of antlers, which were grown somewhere on the million-odd acres of his estate.

One of his last gifts is a huge ostrich egg with a picture of Paul Kruger painted on it. Which brings me to say that, though a member of Parliament, Sonnenberg sympathizes with the Boer cause. He has sworn allegiance to the King, and is at present torn between his loyalty to England, on one hand, and to his constituents on the other. When the war is over still greater achievements doubtless await him.

How Palaverer Defines Society

"Of what do you think society is composed?"

"Of satellites and parasites and people with various appetites."

"What's society like?"

"Well, it is mostly like a circus. There are dozens of different sets, and each set has a cage of its own and fancies itself the star attraction. Every once in a while they all parade together in the social ring—usually for the benefit of something. It may be a deserving charity or an undeserving hero. Then, oh! The jackasses bray louder than the lions roar. The outside world pays $5 or more a head to peep into the unknown of the social show and fool themselves into believing that they are in the swim."—From "The Palaverers," a society drama by Miss Norma Leslie Munro.

Age of Coins Is Told By Their Ring

The cashier in the light lunch cafe jingled a silver half-dollar on the marble counter.

"I'll bet you a cup of coffee I can tell you the decade in which that piece of money was coined," he said to a customer who was engaged with his midnight lunch.

"You probably know the exact date," replied the customer.

"Take one of your own then," said the cashier. "I can tell from the ring whether it was coined in the 90s, the 80s, the 70s or in whatever decade it left the mint. Try me and see."

The young man pulled a half-dollar from his pocket and threw it down on the counter. The cashier listened attentively.

"That was coined in the 60s," he said.

Sure enough, the coin bore the date of 1862. Several other persons in the cafe tried him and in each instance his judgment was unerring.

"It's all in the ring," explained the cashier. "I've gotten so I don't make a mistake once in fifty times."—Philadelphia Record.

Reopening Johannesburg Mines

A letter from an American in Johannesburg says that a large number of residents are returning every week; everybody is too busy to think about the war, and all are sanguine that in six months from the present time the mining industry will be on as large a scale as it was when the mines were closed over two years ago. The town was never so busy as it is today.

If these sanguine expectations are realized 6000 stamps will be at work before the end of the year and if they turn out gold as fast as before the war they will be producing at the rate of over $80,000,000 a year.

The people on the Rand, however, feel perfectly certain that there is to be an enormous increase in the industry. They say there is not a particle of doubt from what is known of the mineral resources and the present plans for development that within five years there will be 1,000 stamps in operation. This would be nearly three times as many stamps as have ever been worked on the Rand.

This estimate of future growth may be extravagant, but it shows at least the confidence of the people in the future of the Rand whose fallen fortunes they are now working with the utmost energy to restore.

PROBLEMS FOR THE CHESS ENTHUSIASTS

All communications to this column to be addressed to Chess Editor, Sunday Bulletin, P. O. Box 718, Honolulu. Contributions and solutions of problems should reach the editor before Thursday noon of each week.

To Correspondents: We regret that Problem No. 45 can be solved by Kt x P (Kt 5) as well as by Kt—B 8 (the author's intention). Both solutions received from F. Weed; 1. Kt—B 8 from F. Schmidt, H. T. Moore, 1. Kt x P from C. M. White.

PROBLEM NO. 47.

By A. F. McKENZIE, JAMAICA. "First-prize" Norwood News Tourney.

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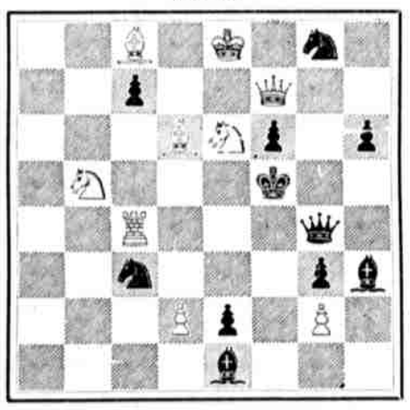

[WHITE]

WHITE MATES IN TWO MOVES.

PLAYED IN CABLE MATCH, UNITED STATES VS. GREAT BRITAIN.
Queen's Pawn Opening.

Notes From the Field.

White. Mr. E. Delmar, United States.	Black. Mr. Trenchard, Great Britain.
1 P—Q 4	1 P—K B 4
2 P—Q B 4	2 Kt—K B 3
3 Kt—Q B 3	3 P—K 3
4 P—K 3	4 B—Kt 5
5 Kt—B 3	5 Castles
6 B—Q 3	6 P—Q 3
7 Castles	7 B x Kt
8 P x B	8 Kt—B 3
9 Q—B 2	9 Q—K sq

To prevent P—K 4.

10 B—R 3	10 Q—R 4

10 P—K 4 might be considered.

11 B—K 2	11 Q—R 3
12 P—B 5	

Rendering the B—R 3 useless in closing the diagonal.

13 Q R—Kt sq	13 R—Kt sq
14 B—Q 2	14 B—Kt 5
15 B x Kt	15 B x B
16 P—K R 3	

Also weak. 16 Kt—K 5 is the natural sequel, or return B—B sq.

16 P—K Kt 4

Mannerisms That Will Shorten Life

One's health may be seriously impaired, one's life may even be shortened by permitting little mannerisms to grow into fixed habits. There are a score of such mannerisms which are likely to do one serious injury.

Such apparently harmless practices as blinking the eyes rapidly, moistening the lips with the tongue, picking the teeth, scratching one's head, or breathing through the mouth when carried to excess become very bad habits.

Take, for instance, the common "trick" of moistening the lips with the tongue. If you make a habit of this you will make your lips drier and drier, and render the nerves of them extremely sensitive. Eventually you will contract permanently cracked lips, which besides being painful and annoying are likely to produce cancer. If this disease be hereditary you run a good chance of getting it.

Why any man should blow his nose when he does not want to is a mystery, but hundreds of people, especially elderly ones, have the habit. It is extremely bad for the nasal nerves and membranes. If done constantly when in health it will, sooner or later, produce chronic nasal catarrh.

If you find yourself blinking your eyes rapidly without any cause, stop it at once, or it will grow into an incurable habit, that will make your eyesight fail comparatively early in life.

Natural blinking is necessary to clear and moisten the eye. The average number of natural blinks is about twenty per minute. But a nervous blinker will get in something like a couple of hundred in a minute in bad cases. The result of this is a big development of the eyelid muscles. It besides involves counter irritation, which acts on the optic nerve, and renders the sight daily more weak and irritable.

Once contract this habit, and you will find you cannot bear a strong light or read small type, and the eyes will get worse and worse. The cure consists in keeping the eyes shut for at least ten minutes every hour, and bathing the lids in warm water.

It is unwise to breathe through your mouth. If you do you will let the lower half of your lungs fall almost entirely into disuse. They are not filled if you breathe through your mouth, and the lungs will be weakened and left an easy prey to maladies of the chest. The system will besides be fed by only about half the oxygen it requires. Thousands of people contract this dangerous habit, which really is a life shortener.

If you sleep with your mouth open you will get about half the benefit of a night's rest. This is frequently the cause of "that tired feeling" on waking in the morning. If there be any epidemic floating about you double your chances of catching it, and halve your chances of recovering, as you weaken the lungs.

Never pick the teeth. It will make a difference of years in the life of your teeth, and send you to the dentist before your time. The habit, even after meals, will, sooner or later, start the enamel of the teeth and cause decay. Some people contract a perpetual habit of picking the teeth when they have nothing else to do. This will put a good, sound set of teeth on the road to decay at least six or seven years before they ought to go. You will lose your sleep, pay a dozen dentist's bills and then wish you had left toothpicks alone. Brush your teeth, instead, with a good powder after every meal, if possible.

HUSBAND CAUGHT AT HIS OWN DOOR

His wife tells it, but he has said nothing about it at his office or club. The scene is laid in West Seventy-ninth street.

"I went over to New Jersey to spend a couple of days with my mother,' said the wife. "It was the morning of a recent downpour. My husband had his breakfast at the usual hour, my maid says. When I am home I always go to the door with my hubby to see him off. But the morning of the big rain he had to leave without this usual attention. He wore his long raincoat and carried an umbrella.

"As he passed out of the front door a gust of wind swept back the tail of his coat, and the door, in closing, caught the terminus of the garment. It also caught a fold of his umbrella. He felt for his latch key. Then he remembered that he had changed his trousers and had forgot to change the contents of his pockets. He was about four feet from the electric button, and being held a prisoner he couldn't ring.

"He pounded on the door, but, of course, my maid and the cook were at breakfast down below and didn't hear him pound. He kicked, but despite his ability in that sort of gymnastics he could make no one hear. He might have removed his raincoat, but the wind was driving sheets at him and on him and he didn't want to get a soaking at his own door. He didn't want to pull his raincoat too vigorously for fear of tearing it. As the downpour was quite heavy pedestrians were travelling on the angelic schedule.

"After the situation I have described had been on for a half hour a boy came in sight and my hubby hailed him and explained his dilemma. 'Push the button,' he said to the boy, 'push it hard.'

"The boy saw an opportunity to take a flyer and asked my hubby what he would give. An offer of ten cents was spurned. 'Make it a quarter,' said the boy, and the deal was made.

"When the maid released my hubby there was a flurry. He upbraided her for not hearing his pounds and kicks. Unused to any such reprimands from him, she went into tears. He felt sorry and pitched her a half dollar. 'Not a word about this to your mistress,' he said, and she promised.

"The boy who saw and heard all told my florist. The florist thought it was a good joke. The attention of my husband to my maid is quite noticeable. Of course, I understand it. My maid has made all sorts of excuses about not going to confession.

"I am just waiting until I want something which my hubby will not be willing to give and then I shall open up a short chapter of revelation to him that will keep him in my debt for three months."

...The right course, Mr. Trenchard, with excellent judgment, begins the attack whilst some of White's pieces are in useless positions.

17 Kt—K 5	17 P—Kt 5
18 P x P	18 Kt x P
19 Kt x Kt	19 P x Kt
20 Q—K 2	20 Q—R 4
21 B—Q B sq	

Too late. The game can no more be saved. If 21 P—K B 4, then 21 ..., Q—R 5; 22 K R—K sq, P—Kt 6; 23 Q—B 3, B—K sq, followed by B—R 4, to which there is no defence.

21 R—B 6

...First-class style. If 22 P x R, then 22 P x P and wins.

22 P—K 4	22 P x P
23 B—K 3	23 Q—[illegible] B sq
24 K R—K sq	24 Q—[illegible] 4
25 P—B 4	25 Q—R 5
26 Q—Q 2	26 R—R 4
27 K—B sq	27 P—Kt 6

...All this is of a high order of excellence. The whole game was played by Mr. Trenchard with excellent judgment and the final attack brilliantly.

28 R—Kt 2	28 P x P
29 B x P	29 R x B ch
30 Q x R	30 R—B 4

and wins.

Music at England's Coronation

London seems exclusively concerned these days with the various aspects and prospects of the approaching coronation, and the papers vie with one another in reminiscences and predictions. The January number of the "Musical Times" contains an interesting account of the music at the coronation of Queen Victoria, which was an important feature of the long ceremony. Only one member of the chorus survives to corroborate the details of the "Court Journal," and his report is unique and convincing.

The whole direction of the music was in the hands of Sir George Smart, a fact which was provocative of much bitterness and dissension. Thomas Attwood, senior of the two composers of Her Majesty's Chapel Royal, had been at work on an anthem for the occasion, but died before completing it. The Queen thereupon appointed Sir Henry Bishop, the noted glee writer and composer of several operas.

The position was, however, in the gift of the Bishop of London as Dean of the Chapel Royal, and he engaged Sir George Smart in disregard of Her Majesty's expressed desire.

The orchestra whose members were in red uniforms numbered 117, and the white-clad chorus 288. It was claimed at the time that some of these places were sold by the director to spectators ignorant of music, and the effect certainly must have seemed ragged had not those present been too engrossed with the ceremony to notice small discrepancies, for Sir George insisted upon attempting the double duties of organist and conductor rather than admit one of the other organists to a share of the glory.

The Queen arrived at Westminster Abbey a few moments before noon and the service lasted between three and four hours. The order of the music included five anthems, the first, by Thomas Attwood, having been composed for the coronation of George IV.

After the sermon, the Queen having taken the oath, the hymn, "Come, Holy Spirit," which has been used at every coronation since that of Richard II, was sung. This hymn, as well as Handel's "Zadok the Priest," written for George II, and the Hallelujah Chorus, will doubtless be repeated at the approaching solemnity; but a special anthem is said to have been composed by Sir Frederick Bridge, to be given at the point where Queen Alexandra is crowned.

There will be a "Te Deum," as usual, some hymns, processional marches, and, of course, the trumpet flourishes by the State Trumpeter and his assistants. These flourishes occur at the recognition, just before the playing of "God Save the King" and at the end of the Homage.